

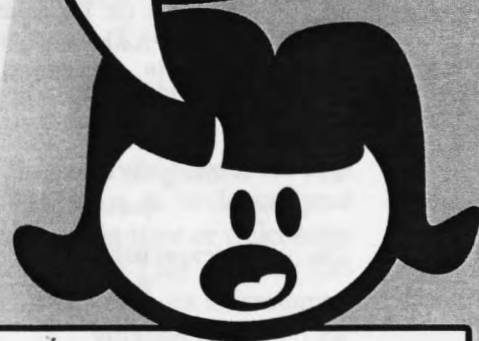
Hey, kids!  
For a healthy read, try...



# チモカモウ ラ・モウアスエナ

CNR Honors Magazine  
Fall 2004, Issue #1

This magazine  
contains only the  
finest quality  
ingredients!



**INGREDIENTS:** SENIOR HANDBOOK,  
FRESHMEN BIOGRAPHIES, LETTERS  
TO THE SENIORS, TRAVEL ABROAD  
STORIES, AND MORE!

## COVER ART!

Maria Gonzalez

*Maria is a senior this year and is also the Layout Editor for Tatler.*

The graphic design of a piece should both augment the content of a piece and act as its own piece. Before a viewing audience knows what one wants to say, that audience should know that one wishes to say something. The role of the designed piece for print is to express that; design should grab the attention of the viewer or reader—in fact, a work must do this in its overall design rather than simply through its content, as whether content is read or not depends on how successful the piece's graphic design was in winning an audience.

For this issue of *Femmes*, I wished to choose a style of design that goes against the grain in both magazine cover design and popular Western tradition, because difference always attracts attention, and I, like Kathryn, wish for *Femmes d'Esprit* to attract attention on campus. I also wanted to equate the content of *Femmes* with delicious, nutritious food, because the content of this magazine is intellectually gratifying to readers and writers alike, and the experience of reading is a pleasurable one. On a more superficial level, this issue has a sort of "back-to-school/falling-back-into-things" theme, and what screams "We're back on campus!" more than a Chinese food carton?

## FROM THE EDITOR...

What a beautiful fall we have had thus far, despite the torrential downpours! I always look forward to this time of year when the change in nature becomes apparent. Leaves begin to change colors and the air begins to cool down to create a fresh autumn atmosphere.

There have been many changes and additions to The College of New Rochelle. Welcome Class of 2008! May your journey at CNR within the Honors Program be rewarding and adventurous with each passing day! I hope our dedicated *Femmes* readers will take the time to get to know the freshmen later in this issue. Welcome Dr. Richard Thompson! Dr. Thompson is the new Dean of School of Arts and Sciences. Look forward to hearing more about him this issue.

This year also brings the Class of 2005 to their graduation year! To the seniors, enclosed in this issue of *Femmes* is pivotal information for your senior year, including a letter from a CNR alum Jenna Sunderland Barresi, Class of 1999. There is also a Senior Checklist...make sure you get all of your "things to do" done! I wish you the best of luck in your endeavors.

*Femmes* is full of material for the first issue of the semester! There are travel abroad reflections, creative pieces in prose and poetry, as well as academic essays...I hope you become lost in all that *Femmes* has to offer.

As this is the first issue of the semester, I would like to take the opportunity to invite anyone who would like to contribute to *Femmes* to do so! The pages of *Femmes d'Esprit* are always open to the thoughts, comments, and work of any faculty member or Honors Student.

You know, I believe I forgot to do the most important thing an editor should do in her first editorial note of the first issue for the academic year! And that is, welcome you! Whether I am welcoming you for the first time or welcoming you back to The College of New Rochelle, I am glad you find yourselves on campus and part of the Honors Community. Here's to a successful year!

Sincerely,  
Kathryn M. Tyranski



# DIRECTOR'S LETTER

Dr. Amy Bass

Welcome Back, both to those of you who are returning to us, as well as those of you who are new to our ranks. It looks to be an exciting year in the Honors Program, starting with a fall semester that begins at the height of presidential political campaigning.

The first time I voted in a presidential election, I was a freshman in college in Lewiston, Maine, and my candidate lost. I tried again in 1992, and again in 1996 – successful both times. And then, 2000. I still can't get my head around the presidential election of 2000. I could (and have) written reams about the disenfranchisement that took place during the 2000 election. But perhaps more alarming than the tens of thousands of votes that were miscast, lost, or denied in Florida, were the tens of millions that were never cast at all.

Apparently, young, single, American women do not vote.

One of the most interesting ways to think about a democracy (or a republic, which the United States technically is), is to remember that voting is an option, a right, not a requirement. For many citizens of many nations, the option *not* to vote would be a privilege. Two years ago, for example, Saddam Hussein won 100 percent of the vote – 11,445,638 votes – as to whether he should continue as Iraq's leader. He was the only candidate.

But in the United States, we maintain a belief in secret ballot, a belief in choice, a belief in free elections. Are there problems? Absolutely. Money, special interests, ethnic and racial inequities, balance of power. Is there a better way? We can only know if we vote.

Looking around the seminar table of my freshman writing class, I realize that there are two strikes against a student at CNR, because not only are young women not voting in this country, *college students* are not voting. Have they given up on the vote? Perhaps, and likely with good reason. New ideas of political action are constantly being created – the early popularity of Howard Dean and his use of the Internet speaks volumes about the influence of young people on today's election process. But there are other more ominous and formidable reasons for these trends, many of which emerged in the various examinations that followed the 2000 election.

A new phrase has entered our political vernacular – Student Voter Suppression. This trend evolved when local voting officials around the country began to discourage students from voting at college, misleading students to believe that their residency status on campus was not sufficient for voting status, or that they could lose their financial aid if they tried to vote from their dormitory address. An American citizen, however, has the right to vote from any residence she considers "home" – with a campus address sufficing for a permanent address.

According to MTV's "Rock the Vote," blatant examples of Student Voter Suppression have emerged in recent months. At the University of Arizona, for example, KSMB-TV's Fox 11 News program featured Pima County voter regis-



Photo: <http://www.cnr.edu/home/honors/experiencing.html>

# SENIOR CHECKLIST

## 2004 - 2005

*There are many significant dates to remember for your senior year in the Honors Program – application due dates, advisement periods, and so on. As well, seniors should begin to think about the days and months after graduation. You need to take the initiative to ensure your success in the years to come, but please remember that the Honors Program offers a supportive environment to help seniors work through the challenges that graduation presents, whether through senior year advisement, or with the **Resume Workshop** to be held on November 16<sup>th</sup>. Good luck!*

### Fall 2004

|  |  |
|--|--|
| _____ <b>Withdrawal Period Ends</b>              | November 1, 2004                               |
| _____ <b>Pick up Registration Packets</b>        | November 3-4, 2004                             |
| _____ <b>SAS Honors Convocation</b>              | November 6, 2004                               |
| _____ <b>NCHC Annual Conference, New Orleans</b> | November 11-14, 2004                           |
| _____ <b>Resume Workshop</b>                     | November 16, 2004, 12:40-2 PM<br>Honors Center |
| _____ <b>Senior Advisement</b>                   | November 15-16, 2004                           |
| _____ <b>Drop-Off Registration for Seniors</b>   | November 19, 2004                              |

### Spring 2005

|   |                         |
|---|-------------------------|
| _____ <b>Deadline to apply for graduation</b>             | January 30, 2005        |
| _____ <b>Request for Honors Director's Recommendation</b> | February 1, 2005        |
| _____ <b>Application for Honors Diploma</b>               | February 1, 2005        |
| _____ <b>Northeast Regional NCHC Conference</b>           | April 7-10, 2005        |
| _____ <b>Senior Exit Interview</b>                        | Schedule by May 3, 2005 |
| _____ <b>Senior Honors Dinner</b>                         | TBA                     |
| _____ <b>SAS Hooding</b>                                  | TBA                     |
| _____ <b>Commencement</b>                                 | May 26, 2004            |



## V. Committees:

**Activities Committee:** This committee will plan, schedule, and promote events that will enrich the Honors experience, such as museum trips, cultural activities, and social programs. The committee will work with the Director and the fundraising committee to determine a budget for each activity.

**Femmes D'Esprit:** This committee will publish and distribute the Honors literary magazine. The Editor, who serves as chair of this committee, gathers articles by Honors students concerning issues of importance to all Honors students. She must have regular meetings with her staff and a final layout meeting before publication. The Editor is responsible for producing at least one issue per semester. The Editor must attend Honors Board Meetings and must maintain active status in the Program.

**Assessment Committee:** This committee will assist in the assessment of the Honors Program. Senior Board members serve as members of this committee.

**Fundraising Committee:** This committee will help raise money for events not funded by the Honors Program budget.

**Freshmen Orientation Committee:** This committee, generally composed of sophomores, will assist in acclimating new members into the Honors Program by coordinating activities to aid new students with their adjustment to college life. The goals of orientation should be to foster some kind of mentoring relationship between sophomores and freshmen.

**VI. Faculty Advisors:** Because Honors students may choose from a wide variety of curricular options, close academic advisement is required each semester by the Director in addition

to advisement within the major. In addition, throughout the academic year, students are encouraged to consult with the Director during posted office hours.

## VII. Elections and Appointments:

**Election of Board:** Elections for the Honors Board are held via e-mail to the Director each spring by majority vote. Any active member of the Program may submit her name for Board elections. Freshmen elections will be held in the fall, coordinated by the freshmen orientation committee. Terms will be one year.

**Appointment of Faculty Honors Board:** Appointments will be made by the Director based on preferences indicated by the Board members. Terms will be one year.

**Appointment of the Honors Committee:** Faculty members will be selected by the Director. Terms will be three years.

**Election of Committee Chairs:** Committees should be co-chaired. Voluntary nominations (including of self) will be asked for by the Honors Board as a committee's role is needed. Committees should have an open-membership policy, allowing anyone from the Honors Program who wants to serve to do so.

**Appointment of Historian:** The Historian maintains records of the Honors Program. The Honors Board will make appointment of this position.

**VIII. Meetings:** Honors Board Meetings will be held monthly, with the dates determined by the Director. Attendance is mandatory for all Board members.

Ratified February 3, 2004  
The Honors Board

# MEET THE CLASS OF 2008!

Every year, the CNR Honors Program welcomes a new Honors Introduction into Self-Context Class. This year we welcome fifteen freshmen to the course, as well as Dr. Nick Smart, the HON101 professor.



Pictured Above (out of order): Shonda Gaylord, Milena Tercheva, Carla-Michelle Adams, Stephanie Dicheck, Olamide Okodiwa, Arisleida Arias, Binh Phong, Rummyana Chuchera, Wanda Hun, Sara Wiegand, Crista Capriglione, Selma Abdul, Hasiba Mohammad, Jeanene James, Diana Perez, Rebecca Mui '07, and Dr. Nick Smart.

Photo: K. Tyranski

## **Binh (Kelly) Phong**

*Vietnam*

*Biology*

I've been in the States for three years. I was in Maine for high school and I'm proud to be a Mainer. Coming to CNR will give me a chance to meet new people in a new environment and hopefully set out a new plan for my life.

## **Selma Abdul**

*Brooklyn, New York*

*History*

Well, there are many reasons as to why I came to CNR, the most important one being that I really enjoyed the environment and the people around. I hope to gain confidence and experience through the college and have a lot of fun...I hope everyone has a great year!!!



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**Arisleida Arias**

*Brooklyn, New York*

*Psychology*

As a Psychology Major, I hope to grow into an effective professional in the field. I am proud to be a Hispanic student who loves to read and watch movies. I enjoy a good challenge and taking risks in life (sometimes!). I hope that the next four years will bring me many challenges.

**Carla Adams**

*Waterbury, Connecticut*

*Business Major, Political Science Minor*

My name is Carla-Michelle Adams. I was born in Connecticut, the Nutmeg State, to two parents thrilled to have a daughter after the birth of their son. My major is Business with a minor in Political Science, and I plan on attending law school for sports and entertainment law. The College of New Rochelle seemed to be the place where I could thrive based on my knowledge of the accelerated course offerings, and the intimate community here. I fell in love with CNR the minute I gazed upon the campus, and fell deeper in love with The College after my first honors courses with Dr. Bass and Dr. Smart. My expectations of the next four years are high and I am confident that here at CNR my wishes will be fulfilled and my goals will be attained. I look forward to a great first semester, and wish my fellow Honors Program participants the best of luck!

**Crista Capriglione**

*Bronx, New York*

*Psychology*

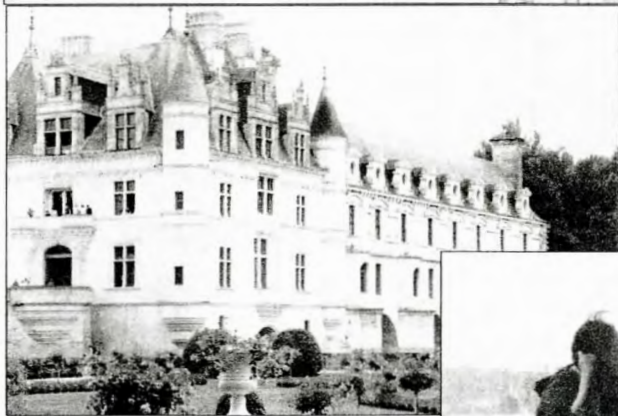
I'm a Psychology Major because I've always been interested in the way people think and the theories of thinking. I enjoy dancing, cheerleading, and having a good time. I look forward to gaining the tools I need to complete my education at CNR.

**Hasiba Mohammad**

*Queens, New York*

*Biology*

I am extremely excited about the Honors program at CNR. I have heard many wonderful things from all members of the program. I expect to learn many new and exciting things and to greatly benefit from the experience. I also hope to meet many interesting people and make new friends while I participate in the programs activities.



Clockwise (from top left corner): Emily Williams '05 in France with a new friend; Nisha Feliz '06 with Eddy, a local French vendor; Nisha and new school friends; Judith Jeremie '05 with Poseidon at Versailles; Catherine de Medici's Garden at Chenonceau; Chenonceau

Photos: N. Feliz, J. Jeremie, & E. Williams



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# DISCOVERING FRANCE

Judith Jeremie

*This marks Judith's senior year at CNR, she is a History & French Major.*

Going abroad was one of the most memorable experiences that I have ever had. I was introduced to a variety of cultures and was able to learn not only about others but also about myself. Looking through my photo albums, I cannot believe that I had actually gone abroad. It all seems so far away but I remember everything distinctly. The college's study abroad program encouraged those of us who went abroad to keep a journal and I admit that I often go back to mine to relive my experience.

I have always wanted to study abroad in France and when given the opportunity to do so I was elated. However, I had my doubts about being able to afford the trip, but with the aid of Dr. Beauzethier, the head of the Study Abroad program, and Dr. Taylor, I was able to afford the expenses. I had other doubts, as well, concerning my ability to communicate with the people in France without accidentally insulting anyone. I read through literature given to me by Dr. Beauzethier that gave me an inkling of the culture I was about to enter. Although I read a variety of sources, living in France was quite different than reading about living in France. The nuances of daily life are learned by being part of the culture. I appreciated French culture even more by living in it.

For the first few days, I was homesick and unsure of myself but I pulled through with help of another student who traveled with me, Nisha Feliz, and, most of all, my host family in Tours. I encourage others who wish to study abroad not only to do so but to also live with a host family.

My host family automatically made me feel welcome. I was invited to participate in several aspects of their lives. Even the two young children in the family became comfortable with me and I would occasionally watch over them towards the end of my stay. Not only did staying with my host family help my transition into their culture, I at times learned more from them than some of my courses. I was forced to test my language skills to communicate with them and in the end, I feel this enriched my experience and aided my knowledge of the French language. If I had to choose my favorite period of time with my host family, I would choose dinner time, and not only for the food (which was great). Dinnertime was mainly when everyone in the family gathered together. The conversations we had at the dinner table brought us all closer and I truly enjoyed learning about them, their culture, and their views.

*Continued on Page 26*



*Judith Jeremie '05 sightseeing in France.*

Photo: J. Jeremie

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*“Studying in France not only realized one of my lifelong dreams but also helped me develop a new appreciation for understanding cultures not my own...”*

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The traveling, which offered sightseeing, food tasting, and new tangible and tactile experiences, created feelings of independence and left my mind stimulated, desiring more images and thoughts. If I begin to discuss the memories eliciting within my mind I will ruminate for hours and I will fill countless pages with words that simply do not do fair justice.

The program, Visual Arts in Florence, required visiting students to participate in an art history course and one art studio course. Fortunately, I was allowed to audit the history course, which allowed me the right to attend all the onsite classes, including weekend trips, but excused me from the tests, and partake in two art studios, batik and silkscreen. The experience of being in Italia tickled my imagination and nurtured my creative drive; having the two studios as an expressive outlet was invaluable; in addition, it allowed me to produce tangible memories. When I miss the amazing studio space, with passionflowers blooming in the garden and my two eccentric teachers, I resort to fumbling through painted silk scarves and silk-screen prints printed on Italian paper bought in Italia. I must mention that down the street from my studio building was the most delicious bakery; every day the same two women who operated the store laughed at my poor Italian, but after a few days knew exactly the cookie I wanted—a buttery cookie, two layers, with chocolate in the middle.

Though I was not officially enrolled in the

history course, I still took meticulous notes and drew many sketches. Learning about art and architecture within its original context aids in its understanding and enables you to remember it in a more personal manner. With this course I was given the experience of having a private tour of the Vatican Museum, after hours, as well as viewing the Sistine Chapel with only forty other onlookers—my fellow classmates. I must admit it was beautiful, even stunning, but was not the most beautiful or stunning space I had seen on my travels. (I recommend the Te Palace in Mantua; visit the Psyche room.)

My Italian was poor; throughout my trip my discourse was limited, though I attempted any chance I was given to fumble on pronunciations. The desire and drive to learn Italian as a second language is a nagging souvenir I carried back with me to the states.

I am rambling on and yet I have not even begun to capture or translate to you of what my experience consisted. So I will stop. I will retreat into my mind, I will try to understand the reality of my traveling and living in Italia for seven weeks, I will think of gelato, I will taste gelato through my thoughts, I will taste gelato! So my final words to you are go to Italia, if you can take advantage of this wonderful opportunity called study abroad. And once there, once you step onto Italian soil and breathe in Italian air, find the nearest gelato café and gorge.

Left to Right: Alana Rupnik '05 with her Roman dreamboat; Boats in Venice



*“...I will never be able to forget the food and the gelato (yum)...”*



# ELLE VOYAGE SANS CESSÉ....

Emily Williams

*After being abroad for seven months in France, Emily returns to campus as a senior.*

How to distill a seven month experience living and traveling abroad in France into words.... C'est tout a fait impossible! Je ne peux pas. (Its simply impossible. I cannot.)

A myriad of images, sounds, words, tastes and sensations float to the surface of my mind, beckoning this question:

How was your semester abroad in France?

.... Silence... long pause... well.... it was .... it was.... a flash of images stream upon the mind's screen... sounds accompany... tastes are almost palpable.. French and English words and the voices of those unbelievably not near are heard speaking... telling... sharing.. questioning... my feet seem to replant themselves upon la terre francaise and in front of the many sites and people I came to develop a relationship with during my stay....

So.... how was it? How was France, how was Europe? Tell me about it....

I am honestly perplexed in how to begin answering this inquiry, it was great, yes.... it was exceptional, it was difficult, it was challenging, it was eye-opening, it was mind-altering, it was frustrating, it was humbling, it was perplexing, it was beautiful, it was delicious, it was romantic, it was art, it was stimulating, it was exhausting, it was energizing, it was different, it was similar,

it was a endless succession of questions and discoveries, that has only left me with more...

It was me, it was indeed at every moment me that was experiencing it

and sometimes it is strange to look back upon that experience, even though it was not so long ago, and grasp that yes that person I am seeing and analyzing, and the sights she saw, the people she met, the language she spoke, that person is not the past but is also the present, and the future; that person who traveled extensively throughout France and other countries in Europe also did quite a bit of traveling, if not proportionately more, through a region that in fact was with her upon her departure from her American home soil and stayed with her at every given moment upon that of the foreign.... This complex yet familiar domain is known as the self... the often uncharted territory is quite simply me.

It is bizarre to ponder over this idea that no matter how far we may travel from the place call home, no matter how far we stray from it and the people and things that make it the base it is for us, we always travel within the same vessel, .... The most fundamental mode of travel begins with the vessel that is our self, contained within this thing we call 'the body.' The body transports us from one place to another... as walk upon our feet from place to place and board planes, buses, trains or bikes... it is this visceral physicality of the body and the palpability of its psychological behavior that travels with us and never leaves our side.

I'm afraid I've now got the 'bug', the travel one that is, the one that is addicted to a perpetual kinetic energy... this energy of motion felt both on a simply literal and more complex figurative level. I suffer from this travel bug syndrome, I think in reality I always have, from a young age I was eager to take myself and superimpose it elsewhere... fuse it elsewhere.... With that culture and landscape of another

*Continued on Page 26*



Emily Williams '05 walking in the rain...

Photo: E. Williams

# RED & WHITE

Christina Simpson

*A sophomore, Christina is also a Vice-President of the Student Theatre Ensemble*

I showed myself to the door as he watched, unconsciously winking as if to say he will leave his door open whenever my knees are shaking and my fists collapse. But I knew better. So I walked out of the door, closing it lightly, and buttoning my overcoat as I stepped into an amazing piece of scenery. The ticklish frost now transformed her into an overwhelmed winter of thick saliva snow. And it glistened like the peach lips of a drooling babe. Amongst her dress I saw my salvation now tainted forever with my late night visit. So I returned to him and we drove into another page.

It was a cherry red bullet he purchased for me not long ago. It was not the same *he* who I visited that night. It was another. He took it upon himself to jingle the keys in his over-sized coat pocket. *Here is your journey personified.* I took them with no hesitation for my prize. And we drove together while he remained absent.

But he still whispers to me as the car hums. My hands glided across the smooth, solid leather padding on the steering wheel. And we drove down the longer roads on the lip of the town still awake with pink noses and the careful calculations as to where to walk on the icy sidewalks. We avoided this, he and I, and drove down the old rusted bridge that closes the gap between Trumbull and Bridgeport. Despite the bumpy trip along the spine of this shaky overpass, it lulled me into a sense of deadness – a dreamlike space that separates us from most animals I assume. The car drove me past all images blurred immensely by winter's heavy breath as if giving birth to a time of twilight.

We came across this railroad track still visible in the snow. The black braids of the tracks were sprouting outward like burnt life – must be the trains still running I supposed. I slowly drove him onto the tracks until I could drive no further. And I turned him off and pulled the keys out of the ignition.

And we waited together for answers to arrive. For an ending. I cooed him into a dreamlike state as he had done to me. I gave him soft whispers and placed my head on the steering wheel. And the winter finally touched me. As if we thought we could chase her together. She caught me and I surrendered. But this bloodlust is not so obedient, is not so quick as to lay face down in the brown sludge left over by other cars and other runaways. And we remained on the tracks together.

It was a quiet knowing at first, then an Indian warrior cry that jolted me from the threshold of sleep. I saw this beast staring me into blindness, a bull about to penetrate my ever-red foil. And this was it. This was when we must part. So I said goodbye to him.

The sludge sucked my boot into its being, right near the railroad tracks. I left it there and ran onto the road only a few feet away. My ankles were engulfed in this cold whiteness. As I turned to watch his reincarnation I found my platform for God to lift me upon. To praise! To praise! And before my knees could shake, the train carried him off, imploding his being, exploding into mine, carrying him to an unmarked home that we once imagined together.

My frame and all that was whole within me awoke. My breasts, vagina, the roots of my hair all swayed violently under his will, his great destruction. It was transference. He gave to me while he ripped pieces of my metal, raw, chromed flesh. Shards of glass fell upon my boot. And I could not see my reflection in the final thrust of a baby winter.



# CREATIVE CORNER

## BABY BUTTERFLY

Carla Adams

*This is Carla's Femmes debut, she is a freshman.*

A butterfly freed from its cocoon  
Like a newborn baby escaping the mother's womb,

Since the day of conception a developing wonder to  
the world,  
Slowly molding into a unique being,  
Characteristics that belong to only one,

Fluttering though the tender years of life,  
Innocent and impressionable,

Living virtually worry free and lighthearted,  
Fragile beings in need of tender loving care,

A miracle cloaked in natural beauty at its best,  
Sheltered and nurtured until that one day,  
They have no option by to live, learn and fly away.



Graphic: <http://www.cnr.edu/home/honors/index.html>

## THE PICTURE

Lacy-Ann Landell

*This is Lacy-Ann's junior year and her first poetry  
submission to the pages of Femmes.*

I took it from his hand,  
But only at his demand  
I could not believe,  
How could this be?  
I thought he wouldn't understand.

Moment frozen in time  
Actions were all mine  
They were there forever,  
To be erased never  
The truth I could no longer hide

I searched his eyes  
For the feelings inside  
He seemed sincere,  
Did he even care?  
I fought the urge to cry.

The picture I hold  
My past it told  
What I thought was hidden  
Was now over-ridden  
And everything this picture showed

Could I be forgiven for what he'd seen?  
We both knew how much this could mean  
I couldn't believe the words he said;  
His first words still ring in my head-  
That was the past, you were just a teen.

# UNEXPECTED (CONTINUED)...

*Continued from Page 24*

walls as I rushed to pick up the phone.

"Hello," I said in a raspy voice.

"Renee, this is Uncle John. Put mom on the phone," he said with horror in his voice.

"What's wrong, tell me," I requested demandingly.

"It's Joey, something is wrong with his head. I think ... a brain aneurysm. He's at Montefiori hospital," in one breath my uncle told me.

I ran upstairs and woke up my parents, handing the phone to my mother. Then I went into my room and jumped into sweat pants and a tee shirt.

As we were on our way to the hospital, my mother told me that the brain aneurysm had already burst, but my cousin was still alive and somewhat functioning. At that time I felt there was still some hope of recovery. However, when I got to the hospital, the doctor had bad news. He told us that Joey would have brain damage and most likely live like a "vegetable." The news struck everyone by surprise. There were really no options at that time. The doctor could not operate on Joey because his brain was too swollen, and Joey could not get better on his own. The doctor then decided to give him medicine hoping it would work. I could not understand why this was happening. I remember Joey going to the doctors every week for the last six months for those severe headaches he was having. His doctor never checked him for a brain aneurysm, nor did any kind of serious testing. Unfortunately, the next day the doctor pronounced Joey brain dead. I remember going into the room to say my last goodbye.

I entered the room to see my cousin lying in the bed with only an oxygen tank supporting his life.

The first thing I reached for was his hand. It felt so cold. As I looked at his swollen face, I caressed my hand through his hair. My cousin Chris insisted that we talk about the good memories we had with Joey. As I started to blurt out our random memories, I held Joey's hand tighter with anticipation for him to just wake up. It was too hard to let go. I did not want to leave. I stared at him as long as I could because I was scared that I would not remember his face. All I could remember was being so mad at him at the party. I felt horrible inside and guilty because I will never have the chance to tell him I'm sorry, and how much he really meant to me. It was time for me to leave, for the procedure was about to take place.

At the age of twenty seven, leaving behind a wife and a two-year-old baby, my cousin died on October 26, 2003. His death changed me in many ways. It taught me that I should appreciate my life because I never know when my time will be up. The experience brought me closer to my family. It also taught me to leave on good terms with people. Now, I never go to bed mad at people because I am scared I'll never get to say I'm sorry.

Life is a gift from God, and we are so blinded by the things in society that we never ponder on how important life really is. Life is too short. We all need to take a good look at our lives, and make them better. We need to be grateful for one another, and learn to appreciate ourselves. Joey was the type of person who loved life. He was a great cousin, a wonderful husband, and a fantastic father. He fulfilled all he ever wanted to in life. I learned the most important lesson from him: to live today as if it was your last.

FANTASY...

*Continued from Page 17*

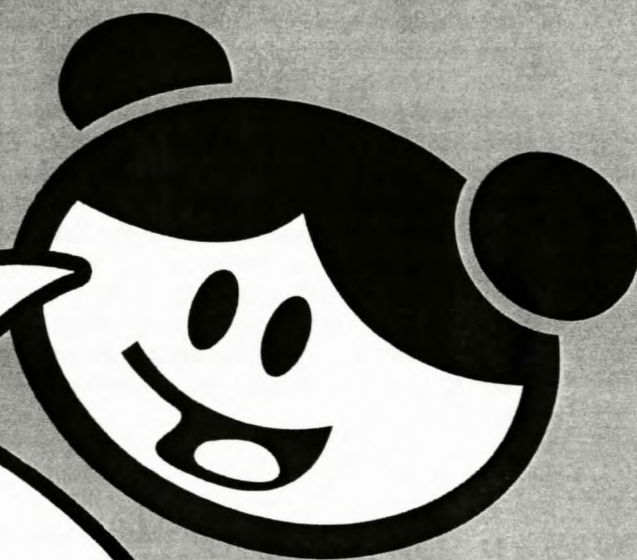
spective about the reality of globalization and how it affects us on a daily basis. It is also a learning experience for fostering friendly relations with people from other countries. As a Business/French major, my study abroad experience was a glimpse into a future prospect related to the business field. My advice is go see Dr. Beauzethier, who is in charge of the Study Abroad programs, and go visit the country you have always dreamed of visiting.





**Your Personal  
fortune is:**

**Don't forget to vote  
on Nov. 2nd!**



**Thank  
you.  
come again!**

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